

Ask Angel

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Summary: Angel writes a Dear Abby-style advice column.

Ask Angel

ASK ANGEL

Dear Angel:

My life is over. Literally. Several weeks ago, I died. I was murdered, actually. 'Well,' I thought, 'at least my miserable existence is finally over. I can have some peace now.'

Wrong.

My spirit has been condemned to wander in a dark place. A place of shadows, a ruined, charred place, a place where, in my mortal form, I was often mocked and teased. Now there's no one here but me; yet the rubble reminds me of the indignities I used to suffer on a daily basis. I can see my soul now-- it is black, like the walls here. I curse you, Angel, I curse you, I curse you. Protector of the weak, you did not save me.

--Sleepless in Sunnydale

Dear Principal Synder:

Go into the light.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

I am so freaked out it is my kitty. Well she went up a tree. And did not come back down. This was too days ago. Momma says she, will climb back down when she is hungry. Her name is Kitty. Well she don't come back down. I am so worried, what if she don't never come back down.

She is a tabby.

--Afraid in Arkansas

Dear Afraid,

One day, it was Buffy's sixteenth birthday. She and I celebrated the occasion in a very special, loving, and intimate way. Shortly after, I blacked out. The next thing I knew, it was months later, and I was suddenly standing in front of a portal to Hell, while my beloved jammed a sword into me. I spent the next several thousand years in Hell (time moves differently down there). The thing about centuries in Hell is, you'd think that after the first few decades, you'd get used to the torture. You don't. Just when you're getting used to the red-hot poker being jammed into your eye sockets, for example, they switch you to the Cop Rock Video Loop Room. They're quite creative, it's a veritable plethora of pain and misery.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

At the end of BTVS Season One, you said you couldn't give Buffy CPR, because vampires have no breath. Yet, in later seasons, we see Spike smoking cigarettes. Furthermore, vampires don't have heartbeats, i.e., no circulation. Therefore, when the evil doctor shot you with a tranquilizer, it shouldn't have affected you. What gives?

--R. Noyes

Dear Noyes,

Go into the light.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

Do you have a secret crush on Faith?

--Not Faith

Dear Not Faith,

No.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

Are you sure? Really, really sure?

--Still not Faith

Dear Still Not Faith,

I'm sure.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

Are you totally, totally positive?

--No Way I'm Faith

Dear Faith,

Girls smell nice.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

How can I be more popular?

--Shy Boy in South Dakota

Dear Shy,

Here are a few tips.

1. Shave your head, wear a whistle around your neck, and refer to all your male buddies as "ladies." As in, "Come on, ladies, let's move it! Get the lead outta your butts!"
2. Legally change your name to "GRGNR, The Endless Moose." And get a cool GRGNR logo tattooed on your face.
3. Memorize, and quote at length, entire Monty Python skits.
4. Post your real name and address in alt.kill.whitey.
5. Insist that "real music" began and ended with Wings' Wild Life album, and own the eight-tracks to prove it.
6. Do drugs.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

Half the guests at my daughter's wedding will be her friends, and, therefore, will be vegetarian. Many of the others enjoy meat, and I'm having problems finding a caterer who can satisfy them all. Could you suggest an entrÃ©e?

--Confused in Chattoochie

Dear Confused,

Fear makes the blood sweeter.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

Now that your One True Love is shacking up with some Army boy, you're single. Furthermore, if you made nasty with some hot babe, but you didn't really love her, it wouldn't affect your curse, would it?

There's plenty of girls who'd like to call you Sugar Daddy. Plus the brooding thing is so hot! And if you did accidentally turn into Angelus, you know, I'm the kind of chick who craves conflict. I'm only happy when it rains... blood. I need discipline, I've been bad. Call me sometime, huh?

--A Hottie

Dear Faith,

Oh, what the hell. Sure.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

U R KEWL U KiCK aZZ. CAN U TELL ME WERE i CAN GET CR*cKS AND WaREZ. THANK YOU I AM BiG FaN.

--2KOLD2B

Dear 2,

Willow has taught me a lot about computers. Your problem is, your system's running slowly because your hard drive needs a good defrag. Doing this is quite simple. Open the case, and remove the hard drive itself. Soak the hard drive in soapy water for 12-15 hours. Then dry it by sticking it in the microwave, on HIGH, for ten minutes. Finally, remove any negative ions by rubbing it with a magnet. Good luck!

--Angel

Dear Angel,

I've been fired. Any career suggestions?

--Ex-Wolfram & Hart Lawyer

Dear Lawyer,

Try working for FOX.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

If I "do it" standing up I can't get pregnant right!

--Suzie Q

Dear Suzie,

A lot of people want to know, if I don't have a reflection, how do I shave? The answer: Very, very carefully.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

I won an Emmy! I won an Emmy! Nyah, nyah, nyah.

--Thrilled

Dear Susan Lucci,

Thrilled for ya. Now leave Kendall alone.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

What do you think about the whole Napster issue I think Napster rocks they say it's copyright violation but I don't see how making MP3's is any different than taping songs off the radio and that is legal so yesterday my sister borrowed my Fiona Apple CD without asking and she lost it so I went on Napster and just downloaded the songs and Napster is great

--Breathless

Dear Breathless,

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The above dots are known as "periods." Please feel free to borrow as many as you wish.

--Angel

Dear Angel,

I'm going to kill you. Count on it, mate. Count on it.

--William the Bloody

Dear Spike,

Nyah, nyah, nyah, nyah. Go into the light.

--Angel

Angel's weekly column, ASK ANGEL, is syndicated in over five hundred newspapers nationwide.

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file.